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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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Opportunities in Philippines.

Governor Taft Urges That Capital Be Invested There.

Governor Taft's observations on the Philippines as a field for American enterprise have evoked sarcastic merriment from certain unbelievers in imperialism. One of these points out the fact that we have had the Philippines four years now, and the astonishing increase of wealth, enterprise, and opportunity for young men which we were to have seen as a result of their capture is not in evidence. Where, this critic asks, is the good of having the Philippines if we are to get no good of them?

This is amusing, but not in just the way it was intended to amuse. A small boy was once told, in the good old-fashioned way, that God could do everything. "Just anything?" asked the youngster. "Yes," was the reply. After a moment's thought the boy announced: "I know something He can't do—He can't make a two-year-old colt in five minutes."

There may not have been any such small boy, but the story and the analogy hold good. It is absurd to expect, in four years, developments which properly occupy as many generations. It took us a long time to settle the Western States, and they were comparatively accessible, and not already occupied by a population with its own settled traditions. It is hardly likely, as sagacious observers said at the time, that the Philippines will ever be settled as our own country has been settled, or that the traditions established by a native and Spanish life will ever be entirely disregarded for those of the United States. But it is nevertheless true that there are great opportunities in the islands for the intelligent use of American capital and brains, and that they may, in the course of time, become several times more valuable to us than they now are.

Governor Taft strongly urges the intelligent development of the resources of the Philippines. He has every reason to know what these are. He himself has been greatly hampered by lack of capital, and moreover, as has been suggested, it is not possible to do everything in four years. Careful, honest, faithful governors, refusing to accede to the demands of unscrupulous promoters who wish to exploit the islands for their own benefit and that of nobody else, can in time make these colonies what they ought to be for our own honor and peace of mind. But it will take time—time to build roads, time to establish factories, time to educate the people up to our standards of workmanship, and to acquaint American capitalists with the nature of the resources of the islands.

By No Means Hopeless.

Something on the Good Side of the Labor Union Question.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is not accustomed to speaking without thought, and however sensational his utterances may be there is usually a good reason for them. Consequently, we are not surprised to learn that he denies the following statement attributed to him:

"Capital and labor are growing further away from one another day by day, and I can foresee no settlement, except by the shedding of blood."

President Eliot says that on the contrary he believes that the prevailing industrial strife can be and ought to be settled by publicity and free discussion.

If we were called upon to judge of the value of Harvard University, we should be considered as dealing most unfairly if we should summarize the instances where Harvard has failed to improve the youths who have come under her influence, and then declare that Harvard as an institution was a failure. It would be claimed that Harvard should be judged by the good that she has done, and by the possibilities for good that she has in store for students who are able to use her to the best advantage.

And does not this argument apply with equal force to the labor union? What are the facts, viewing the question from this optimistic standpoint? In the first place, we see such leaders as Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell as heads of the labor movement, just, conservative, broad, liberal, sane men. The labor unions maintain them as leaders and support them as leaders. Therefore, in order to do that, there must be justice, conservatism, breadth, liberality, and sanity in the labor unions.

Again, we see that labor unions which are composed of men working in occupations that demand mental acumen and training, are having less and less trouble with their employers, and growing yearly into much more grace themselves, into a better understanding of the economic situation and a stronger grasp of the ways and means of advancing by evolution instead of by revolution. The work of the typographical unions and of the union of stationary engineers are examples of this higher brand of organized labor.

We grant the faults of the labor unions, but in considering their faults it should be remembered that labor unions are composed of all sorts and conditions of men, and that they are also engaged in exploring virgin territory. They make mistakes, yes; but there are no men who do not make mistakes in the administration of their affairs. The vital point is, are the labor unions learning anything from their mistakes? We think that they are. If this be true, is there then no hope for them?

The Public and the Purveyor.

Does the Public Know What It Wants? And if Not, Why Not?

For some years past there has been a disposition on the part of large dealers in provisions, entertainments, means of transportation, and other necessaries of life, to make the statement, more or less disguised in form, that the public really does not know what it wants. It is not amiss to inquire, dispassionately and purely in a spirit of philosophic research, whether or not this is true.

There was a man in New York once, who dealt in coffee, and once, at a time of financial depression in his business, he put a new brand on the market, making it of beans and burnt molasses, and some other ingredients, all ground up together in the orthodox fashion and put up in tin cans. The people bought it. Later he put genuine coffee on the market at the same price. The customers who bought the bogus mixture refused to take the real coffee, and said it did not taste like coffee, as did the mixture in the cans. This man not unreasonably came to the conclusion that the public did not know what it wanted.

About once in two weeks somebody who remembers the days before the war, when the moonlight was brighter and the girls were prettier, and everything was more delightful, suggests that the old-fashioned corn meal, or laundry work, or preserves that mother used to make, or tailoring done by hand, or some other article of the bygone days, was better than anything one can get nowadays, and suggests that the dealers might try the old-fashioned recipes, just as an experiment. The reply always is that the public does not want these things; that it prefers the factory-made article, even if it is not as good; that it likes shoddy, and fake, and unnecessary expense. Now, is this true? Does the public like these things, or take them because they are the only thing to be had?

Like all half-truths, the statement that the public likes humbug, gathers strength from the half of it which is truth. The public is lazy, and hates trouble. It is also possessed by a great, and, for the most part, laudable desire to save money. It will not go far out of its way to get an honestly made article, nor will such an article command a much higher price than the one dishonestly made. But there is no doubt that if absolute honesty in the manufacture of all necessaries of life were to be had—if it could be enforced—the public would be much better satisfied.

The only thing which will do much good in this direction is intelligent cooperation by the public. If you are convinced that a certain brand of flour, or preserves, or a certain make of shoes, is what it pretends to be, ask for that kind, and refuse to be put off with a substitute.

D'Annunzio's Atmosphere.

His Artistic Temperament Demands Esthetic Surroundings.

Queer stories come from Florence about the atmosphere surrounding Gabriele D'Annunzio, of the luxurious and unsavory vocabulary. It is said that being able to indulge his every whim, his whims have increased in number and costliness. The report about his hunting habits is that he goes hunting armed with bow and arrows, like Apollo, which is doubtless gratifying to his intended prey. A bird or rabbit accustomed to dodging modern guns would hardly be much disturbed by an arrow speeding from the unpracticed hand of an Italian author.

When he dines, it is said, he seats himself in a great chair on a dais covered by a canopy, and when he writes, he stands, clad in a stole of cloth of gold, before a Gothic desk, while censers perfume the air about.

The common or garden species of American author, trained in a newspaper office and accustomed to rattle off his products on a typewriter at a battered and ink-stained old desk with the dust of ages over its papers, because the janitor has been instructed never to disturb them—this author would doubtless regard D'Annunzio's surroundings as hampering if not subversive in their influence on thought. It all depends on habit. Perhaps, if tradition in this country required perfumes and cloth of gold and Renaissance furniture and gilded luxury for authors, we should have fewer historical novels, but on the other hand, we might have more D'Annunzios, and even the historical novel is not so bad as some other things.

It is pleasant for the way of the legislator to be smoothed, but not with olive oil.

Use has been found for the husband of the star actress. He can pound the critic.

A Berlin professor says that Sinai was a volcano, and that was all. But all the same, it is rare to find an active volcano in the law-giving business.

An automobile in Paris ran into a herd of cattle, and the cattle, seeing the red hat and gown of one of the occupants, forgot to give the machine the right of way. There is a Waterloo for every tyrant.

When Mr. Hanna explains whether we hold the ace, age, or edge, the country in general may know what he meant.

Mr. Rockefeller has been giving out his rule for health. His rule for making money he keeps to himself. Men always like to talk about things at which they are not clever.

A sleigh in a city is like a dark horse in a convention; it may not be needed once in a blue moon, but when it is needed the owner enjoys himself very well.

Senator Foraker is doing his best to make the President understand that he has sole charge of the life-saving station in Ohio.

An inventor avers that he has a plan by which rugs and blankets can be heated by means of electricity in the fibers. Nowadays, when the gas is frozen and the price of coal is high, there is possibility of comfort in bed, but the time may come when the janitor will turn the heat off the blankets if he likes.

Fogs are troublesome in New York Harbor, but it is not thought that the recent arrival and vocal activity of Mr. Bryan had anything to do with it.

The Prussian minister of finance is reported to have said that America is the country of trusts; and he might have added that the quality which makes this possible is our trustfulness.

Mr. Gorman is consistent. He has not yet recognized the secession of Maryland from himself.

The favorite son of a doting State is not always safe from discipline if he misbehaves himself.

Mr. Bryan's assurances about what the St. Louis convention will do would command more respectful attention if he would show just where he is going to get the delegates.

The "New York Sun" has come out in favor of religion, which is a good thing to do in one's old age.

A Berlin laundry offers to buy shirts for its customers if they will pay the cost of the washing. The success of the plan all depends on the fit of the shirts.

As a literature mill, Princeton is running Indiana very close. The popular authors of the day are divided nearly evenly between the two.

St. Louis says she has ninety-seven hotels, but the country would feel more satisfied if the photographs, certified menus and capacity of these hotels were published in the Sunday papers.

Sandford, of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, is again engaged in driving the devil out of the State of Maine. It is queer, what a desire the devil seems to have for Mr. Sandford's company.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

HOW DEMOCRATIC PARTY MAY ELECT PRESIDENT

Must Overcome 50,000 Majority in Illinois; 13,000 in Connecticut; 10,000 in New York; 200 in Rhode Island, and Carry One Small State.

How can the Democrats win even if they do carry New York? is the question which is often heard in political circles. And then the questioner goes on to explain that New York is no longer the pivot State, and that no longer is the saying true that as goes New York, so goes the Union.

In this connection the questioner further points to the fact that the Western States which followed the lead of Bryan in the silver crusade have returned to the Republican column, as have also the States like Kansas and Nebraska, formerly rampant with Populism. In answer, some Democratic mathematician, seeking to assume the Grosvenor role for his party, has undertaken to figure out a Democratic victory, and from a Democratic standpoint it looks exceedingly well on paper.

How Democrat May Win.

This calculation has it that a change of something like 26,668 votes, properly distributed among four States only, would result in the election of a Democratic President. What is pointed out as especially valuable in respect to this figuring is that it eliminates Mr. Bryan from consideration, or practically so, for the States in which the changes are to be made are States in which there is no Bryan sentiment which would injure the Democratic party on election day, even if Bryan were to be turned down absolutely, and should bolt the ticket, which Democrats in general do not believe he will do in view of the efforts which will be made to compromise and harmonize all factions.

There will be in the next electoral college 476 votes, of which 239 will be necessary to a choice. How is the Democratic candidate to receive this number? Here is the way the Democratic calculator figures it:

Alabama	11
Arkansas	9
Florida	5
Georgia	13
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	9
Maryland	8
Mississippi	10
Missouri	18
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	18
Virginia	12
Total	159

Eighty Votes Short.

That leaves the Democracy just eighty votes short of a majority in the electoral college, and then the question comes up of getting these necessary eighty votes. Of course no Republicans will willingly concede New York to the Democrats, although they admit that it is debatable ground. The Democrats are confident of winning, and General Grosvenor says they may carry it, but that even if they do they will still fall forty-one votes short of enough to elect in the electoral college.

But for the purpose of argument and to continue the Democratic illustration of "How We Can Win," the Empire State with its thirty-nine votes is conceded to the Democratic candidate. Of the forty-one others necessary, the Democratic mathematician figures twenty-seven will come from Illinois, seven from Connecticut, four from Rhode Island, and three either from Nevada or Montana, both of which are looked upon as normally Democratic States.

Basis of Calculation.

The Democratic calculator declares that he expects his estimate upon Illinois will be laughed at, but that does not disconcert him in the least, for has he not the figures? He estimates upon the basis of Congressional elections of 1902, in which national issues are more involved than in any purely local contest. Illinois in 1902, on the basis of Congressional elections, was Republican not by a majority of 141,000, as in 1896, or by 94,000, as in 1900, but by less than 37,000. Right here the Democratic calculator is aware of the fact that his computation is open to criticism, for there were three overwhelmingly Democratic districts in Chicago in which the Republicans made no nominations. This, he declares, would be offset, to some extent by the fact that although the Democrats made nominations in all districts, there were four or five in which they did not wage much of a contest, well knowing their case was hopeless. This fact, he thinks, accounts for the large Republican majorities in Speaker Cannon's district, in Mr. Mann's district, in Hitt's and Fuller's and Snapp's districts.

But if this is not enough, he concedes the Republicans 15,000 more majority to make up for the fact that in three districts they had no candidates, and allows that the Republican lead in the Prairie State may be 50,000. A change of 25,000 votes would throw Illinois into the Democratic column. This is a comparatively small percentage out of a total vote of 1,300,000. It might be accomplished in Chicago, where the voting population, much of it foreign, is extremely fickle. Chicago turned the tables on the Republicans in Illinois in 1892, when Cleveland and Altgeld were candidates, respectively, for President and governor, and Democrats expect to do so again.

This computation does not consider Indiana, New Jersey, West Virginia, or Delaware, where the Republican majorities are not large, and which States are always fighting ground. This calculation "figures to win," as the system players say; but whether it will is another question. No Republican will concede for a moment that it will, and at best it is only an answer as to how it might be possible for the Democrats to achieve success.

THE..... PERSONAL SIDE....

"HYPERIONIC INEFFABILITY."

"Hyperionic ineffability."

This is the expression upon which the fame of John H. Wallace, jr., a prominent young lawyer of Huntsville, Ala., rests.

In a vocabulary which amazes everybody who meets Mr. Wallace, this combination stands out as the center diamond in a gorgeous brooch. Whenever he wants to praise any of his particular friends he credits them with "hyperionic ineffability."

Nobody has been able to find out exactly what it means, but it sounds so good that Mr. Wallace got to the Alabama Legislature and figures prominently in the politics of that State.

Recently he broke into fiction. His first attempt was a short love story published in the "Alkahest Magazine," a Macon (Ga.) periodical.

"The Intrepidity of Dynamics," is the title of Mr. Wallace's story. It deals with a love affair in which a young American is imprisoned in Santo Domingo and return to the United States to find his sweetheart at the altar marrying an Englishman whom he hates. The young American interrupts the wedding, wins the girl of his choice, and the author ends the story as follows:

"He placed his strong arm about her precious form, drew her throbbing breast to his, pressing on her lips a long, loving kiss, and as the sun shone out gorgeously on that vernal morn, flooding her hair with golden glory, she flashed him an ecstatic smile of hyperionic ineffability."

SENATOR UNTIL 1913.

Credentials of election to a new term of six years in the United States Senate are the prizes brought back to Washington this week by two members of the upper house, both of them, strangely enough, from the same State—Mississippi. Senator Hernando De Soto Money has been re-elected for the term beginning March 4, 1905, and Senator Anselm J. McLaurin for the term beginning March 4, 1907.

The explanation of the two elections by the same Legislature, and one of them over three years in advance, is that the Mississippi Legislature meets only every four years. Its next session will not be held until the winter of 1907-1908, nearly a year after the expiration of Senator McLaurin's present term. Because of this fact, he has been accorded the compliment of election to a term which makes him secure in the Senate until March 3, 1913.

Seldom is it possible for a Senator to look ahead to nearly a decade of assured service in the upper house. Senator Money, under his new credentials, will serve until 1911, as will Senator Marcus A. Hanna. If both the Mississippi Senators live until the expiration of their extended terms, Senator Money will be seventy-two years old and Senator McLaurin sixty-five.

"BILLY GOT WARM."

"Warm up, Billy."

"Get busy, Billy."

"Something's doing, Bill."

Such was the advice hurled at William B. Hibbs, as he sat at his desk on the Washington Stock Exchange.

Business had lagged for the moment, and the other traders turned by common consent to Mr. Hibbs, with the suggestion to infuse new life into the dealings. Mr. Hibbs had been conversing with a friend, entirely oblivious of what was going on about him. He seemed a bit taken back upon receiving this free advice, and for a few minutes failed to say anything.

The stock on call at the moment was Washington Gas certificates.

"Haven't any orders for that stock," said Mr. Hibbs, finally; but in spite of his protest he was again advised to "get warm!"

Gradually the bids advanced from 52 to 55 for the stock. It was offered at 56.

"Fifty-five and a half for any part of a hundred!" shouted Mr. Hibbs unexpectedly, and to the surprise of everyone.

"Sold—100 shares," returned one of the brokers.

"Offered at 56," Mr. Hibbs yelled again, the transaction having been made in a second.

"Take it," said a voice, and the ownership of the stock passed from Mr. Hibbs.

The transaction caused much laughter, and the brokers recognized that "Billy" had "gotten warm."

BETTER KNOWN NOW.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in a response to the toast, "Virginia—Her Washington and Her Lee," at a recent banquet, tells a story on himself:

"Your kindly reception leads me to believe that I am better known in these parts now than I used to be. Not so many years ago a man in Washington called up a New York hotel and asked the operator if Fitzhugh Lee was stopping there. The operator didn't know the name and the Washington man spelled.

"'Do you get the name?' he asked.

"'Yes. I get it now,' said the operator, 'but there's so many of these damned Chinamen you can't be sure of any of 'em till you have it spelled.'"

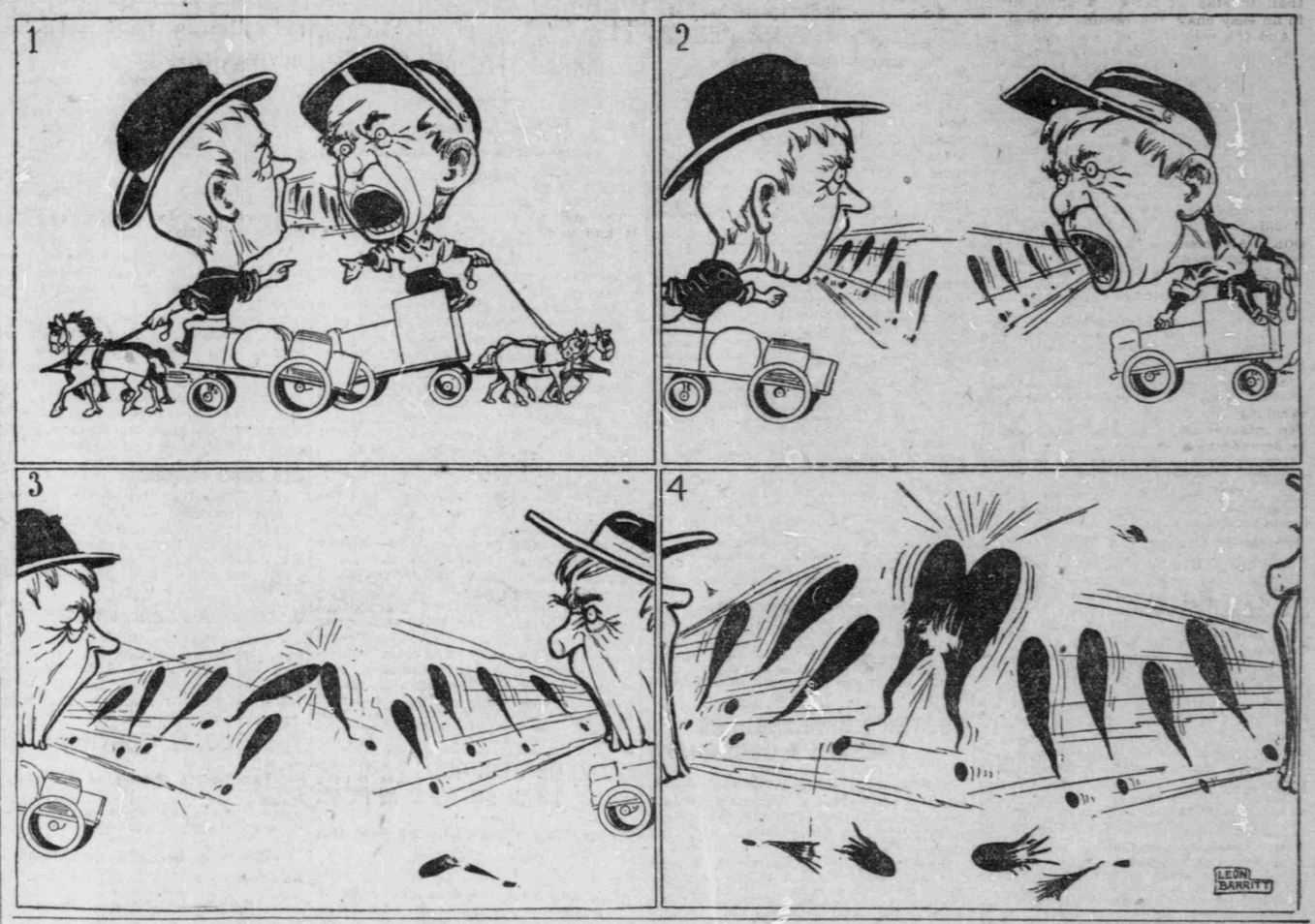
LAMBERT WOULD BE A FIND.

Wilton J. Lambert is a much-talked-of man these days. Rumor has it that Ban Johnson has decided that he shall be president of next season's Washington baseball team. If the deal pans out as Ban plans it would be a good thing for Washingtonians, who have long wanted a local man at the head of the Senators.

Mr. Lambert is a prominent young lawyer, of the firm of Lambert & Baker, and has a wide reputation. He is a nephew of Senator Gorman, and should he be put in charge it is possible Gorman would consent to finance the club. He has been associated with baseball men for several years in his capacity of attorney for the Washington club.

JUST A FEW WORDS

BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GUESS WHAT THE WORDS ARE. WE WOULDN'T DARE TO PRINT THEM.



NOT INTELLECTUAL.

"Does George inherit his cleverness from his father?"

"I should say not! Don't you know his father writes magazine poetry?"

TIRED OF ANSWERING.

"Why, John, where is your watch?"

"A fellow on the car kept asking me the time every few minutes, and——"

"And he stole your watch."

"Oh, no; I gave it to him."

FOOLISH QUESTION.

"Does your dog bite, little girl?"

"Of course he does. You didn't suppose he took his food through a straw, did you?"

IT'S NECESSARY.

"She dresses awfully loud, doesn't she?"

"Yes; but then her husband is very deaf."